LAFITTE of LOUISIANA

BY MARY DEVEREUX

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON

CHAPTER XV.

After the death of Laro a new and somewhat better order of things prevailed among the so-called "Pirates of the Gulf."

Now under the direct leadership of Lafitte alone, and with better opportunities for knowing his chivalrous nature, the larger body of them followed unquestioningly his more merciful and less lawless practices; and not a few of the men actually relished the changed conditions in which they found themselves.

Garonne, who had been given a vessel of his own, had gathered to himself the most unregenerate of Laro's followers, and entered upon a career in which he observed the same methods as his former commander, with the result that he was finally brought to execution, together with most of his crew, in a South American port.

Life at the Ursuline convent was, for many months, a burden to Lazalie, and her whims and caprices made it but little less so to the mother superior and nuns. But they, with a lively remembrance of many generous favors from Lafitte, felt that they must bear patiently with the charge he had left in their keeping.

La Roche, as her banker and man of business, came often to see his fair client, and ended by falling in love with her—a fact he was wise enough to keep to himself. And, later on, he obtained Lafitte's consent to her removal from the convent and taking a house of her own, where, with Ma'am Brigida and a retinue of slaves, the high-strung beauty seemed more contented.

When the summer of 1812 had brought the Cazeneau household to their Barataria home, there befell something which struck Lafitte with a new despair, and took from him all hope of ever being asked to render little Roselle the smallest service, even should the occasion or necessity arise.

Her childish trust in him became destroyed; he saw her shrink from him in terror and abhorrence. And this awakened in him the knowledge that the—as he supposed—paternal love he had been cherishing for the child of her who had always been his ideal, was not the affection of a father for his daughter, but the love of a man for a woman.

The bitterest potion he had ever swallowed was now working in his veins. Yet no one would have suspected this, as he went his way, and for a time with greater recklessness than before, although the rumor mentioned by Pierre had now become a fact, inasmuch as the governor of Louisiana had issued a proclamation offering a reward for Lafitte's apprehension.

This had come about by reason of a melee in the bayou Lafourche, and which proved to be the chip which kindled to a blaze the long-smouldering fire of wrath against the Barataria.

When the information was brought to Lafitte, accompanied by a copy of the proclamation, he had, without delay, taken a pinnace and set out for the extreme southerly side of Grande Terre, upon which was the Count de Cazeneau's abode.

At the sound of Lafitte's feet upon the steps, a woman's weazened face, wrinkled and scowling, its coffee-hue contrasting with wisps of gray, wiry wool showing from beneath a bright-colored bandanna, was projected from one of the numerous doors opening from the hallway into various rooms in the two wings of the building.

It was apparent that she recognized the visitor, for she came out into the hall and, despite her age, advanced briskly toward him.

"Ah, Zeney, there you are, looking as young as ever," was his smilingly spoken greeting.

"Always you say words, Captain Jean, that please, even when one knows they are not true."

Lafitte laughed lightly.

"Is your young mistress well?" he inquired.

"Yes, she is well," Zeney answered, in a tone implying that more might be said.

"Is she quite happy, Zeney?"

"Happy? How could a wild bird be happy in a cage, even if its bars were made of gold?"

She was about to continue, but Lafitte, as if not caring to pursue the subject, asked, "Is your master here?"

Zeney nodded, and pointed to a closed door near them, "He is in there, and alone."

Lafitte, turning from her, knocked at the door, and De Cazeneau's voice answered, "Entrez."

This the former did, leaving the door ajar.

Nato, now a tall, wiry lad of sixteen, and devoted, body and soul, to his master, was the only one to accompany him to Grande Terre. He had seated himself upon the steps, but too far away to catch the conversation between Lafitte and Zeney, even had they spoken in a language he understood.

But he watched them with curious eyes, having often heard of Zeney; and her reputed powers served to make her an object of awe and aversion to him, as to most of his class.

It was, therefore, with a sigh of relief that he saw her disappear, after his master had gone inside.

He remained sitting on the steps, his chin supported by two yellow palms, while a group of young negroes who had drawn near to gape curiously at him, after the manner of their kind, proceeded to converse in a way evidently intended to attract his attention.

Instinct, rather than any sound, made Nato realize that a presence was near him; and glancing over his shoulder, he saw a girlish, white-clad form standing in the doorway through which Lafitte had passed a few minutes before. Presently he saw one of her little hands go to her side, as if she had been startled, or was experiencing some strong emotion; and she stood with bended head, as if listening.

Her "Captain Jean" was none other than Lafitte, the terrible pirate!

Nato was still staring at the girl when she started impetuously, and went hurriedly down the hallway.

Led by curiosity, the boy jumped to his feet, and saw her descend the steps of the back gallery, and go swiftly into the woods, which seemed to swallow up the snowy form and glittering hair—swallow them so suddenly as to leave in the boy's superstitious mind an uncomfortable suggestion that she was not real flesh and blood, but a "sperit," or perhaps a second voudoo priestess.

Within the room, near whose open door the girl had stood, Lafitte and De Cazeneau were having a serious conversation.

Following the custom of the time, De Cazeneau had reached out to ring a bell for refreshments, when Lafitte, with an expressive gesture, stayed his hand.

"No, M'sieur le Comte. I can tarry but a very short time—only long enough to impart the very important intelligence I came to bring you." And he held out a paper he had drawn from his pocket.

The count, having put on his glasses, took the document; and his wavering hands made the blue paper quiver as if his own startled pulse-beats had stolen into it while he read the contents aloud.

"Whereas the nefarious practice of running in contraband goods, which has hitherto prevailed in different parts of the state, to the great injury of the fair trader, and the diminution of the revenue of the United States, has of late much increased; and, whereas it has been officially known to me that, on the 14th of last month, a quantity of smuggled goods, seized by Walter Gilbert, an officer of the revenue of the United States, were forcibly taken from him in open day, at no great distance from the city of New Orleans, by a party of armed men, under the orders of a certain Jean Lafitte, who fired upon and grievously wounded one of the assistants of the said Walter Gilbert:

"I have thought proper to issue this, my proclamation; and I do solemnly caution all and singular citizens of this state against giving any kind of succor, support or countenance to the said Jean Lafitte and associates, but do call upon them to be aiding and abetting in arresting him and said associates, and all others in like manner offending; and I do furthermore, in the name of the state, offer a reward of five hundred dollars, which will be paid out of the treasury to any person delivering the said Jean Lafitte to the sheriff of the parish of Orleans, or to any other sheriff in the state, so that the said Jean Lafitte may be brought to justice."

The Island Rose had heard the greater part of the document read in her grandfather's voice, low, to be sure, but with a clear enunciation which made each syllable as distinct as though she had been the reader instead of a listener. And when he ended, she heard the voice of him heretofore known to her as "Captain Jean," and its tone was one of banter.

"Well, M'sieur le Count, will you be the one to claim this five hundred dollars, and do your governor and state a brilliant service by delivering to them this body of mine."

Then came her grandfather's sternly cold reply:

"What have I ever done, Captain Jean Lafitte, that should lead you to suppose I would stoop to traffic in the blood of my associates?"

It was this that made the small hand go fluttering toward the girl's frightened heart. It was the revelation that her "Captain Jean" was none other than Lafitte, the terrible pirate, of whom she had heard such dreadful tales! He was the freebooter, smuggler and outlaw—the leader of that fearful band of men she had shuddered to hear the slaves mention! And not only was her grandfather cognizant of this, but he was this man's abettor—his associate and friend!

Her brain in a whirl, her heart terrified by dread of an undefinable terror, she fled from the house, and into the woods, wandering on, scarcely knowing or caring where, until her steps were arrested by the matted thicket into which she had penetrated with unseeing eyes.

Now all was revealed to her. The man whom of all others she trusted in this new, strange, and fettered world into which she had been brought from the peaceful island home, where life had been happy, and free from fear—he was the notorious Lafitte, the "Pirate of the Gulf," who scuttled ships, who murdered men and women, and whose hands were red with blood, shed that he might plunder his victims.

(To be continued.)

GREAT AUTHOR AT PLAY.

Interesting Reminiscences of One Who Knew Hawthorne.

Mrs. Sedgwick, in "A Girl of Sixteen at Brook Farm," gives a little sketch of Hawthorne which shows him in a pleasant and merry light, although in general, she acknowledges, the great author was silent, almost taciturn. One day she was learning verses to recite at the evening class formed by Charles A. Dana, when, seeing Hawthorne sitting immovable and solitary on the sofa, she daringly thrust the book in his hands.

"Will you hear me say my poetry, Mr. Hawthorne?" I said.

He gave me a sidelong glance from his very shy eyes, took the book and most kindly heard me. After that he was on the sofa every week to hear me recite.

One evening he was alone in the hall, sitting on a chair at the farther end, when my roommate and I were going upstairs. She whispered to me: "Let's throw a sofa pillow at Mr. Hawthorne."

Reaching over the banisters, we each took a pillow and threw it. Quick as a flash he put out his hand, seized a broom that was hanging near him, warded off our cushions and threw them back with sure aim. As fast as we could throw them he returned them with effect, hitting us every time, while we could only hit the broom. He must have been very quick in his movements.

Through it all not a word was spoken. We laughed and laughed, and his eyes shone and twinkled like stars, until we went off to bed vanquished.

Politeness Pays.

Suddenly the man fell. He was a dignified person, but as he reached a sleety corner his feet, set down with precision, failed to stay set. They flew so high, and the result was so abrupt, that as the man hit the walk in sitting posture observers expected to see a spine protrude from the top of his hat.

Two youths had seen the episode. One was a bad youth, and unwise. He laughed. The other was a good youth, who knew a thing or two. He hastened to pick up the fallen man.

"Thank you," said the man. "I am a childless millionaire, looking for an heir. You're it. Meantime take this roll and blow yourself. Only one condition is attached. Don't spend a cent on that laughing jackass who is with you."

Handing over a $10,000 bundle, and giving his hotel address, the man went his way.

The moral of this is so obvious that the reader unable to discern it isn't worth bothering about.—Washington Times.

Nothing Sensational.

City editor—You got Mrs. Gassaway's speech to the Woman's Rights club, didn't you? What did she say?

Reporter—Oh, nothing worth printing.

City editor—Why, she spoke for more than an hour.

Reporter—I know, but what she said was quite sensible.—Philadelphia Press.

Few women are wise enough to render one little word sufficient.

LITTLE VISITS WITH "UNCLE BY"

The Strategy Board.

Th' "Strategy Board" is in session "back there,"
Back there where I lived they hev met on th' square.
I know they've convened 'cause th' robins hez cum,
An' thet's a sure sign they are meetin' out hum!

Th' "Strategy Board" is composed o' th' dads—
Th' fellers retired on th' strength o' ther scads—
Th' white-whiskered chaps thet hev cricks in ther backs
An' wisdom thet makes 'em much sharper than tacks.

Each spring on th' square ye kin hear 'em orate
'Bout how t' be guidin' th' great Ship o' State—
They've read their Try-bune an' th' Sata'-day Mail,
An' now they hev gathered t' trim up th' sail;

T' make her steer straight through th' broad Sea o' Life,
Where th' billers roll high an' th' dangers is rife!
Each day they save kentries an' frame up th' laws,
Win battles an' verdicts mid rounds of applause!

Ye Gods, I believe that th' Washington folk
Jist wait breathless like 'til th' "Strategy's" spoke!
The president, too—well, I reckon that he
Is slow fer t' act 'til he gits their decree!

They sit in th' park in their easy, arm cheers;
Th' sun warms their faces an' melts all their keers,
Th' zephyrs play tag with their whiskers o' white,
An' Time plods along to'rd th' dusk o' their night!

When Gabril's blast blows an' th' gates is ajar,
He'll find each old patriarch there on th' square.

Fleeting Fancies.

You stop a phonograph's talking by stopping the wheels, but a woman is not built that way.

—

Many a woman is kept from weeping by the knowledge that crying makes her nose red.

—

A little sulphur and 'lasses might be a good thing for this volcanically inclined globe of ours.

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We hope the newspaper boys will not let that first tooth of John D. Rockefeller the Third get a scoop on them.

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A young woman should learn the difference between the heart beats of her lover and the breaking of a pocketful of fine cigars.

—

A western paper has discovered a poetess who can milk cows. "This," says the editor, "is the first case on record where a person who could write poetry has been good for anything else."

—

The boy who has to work in the garden when he wants to go fishing will thoroughly agree with anything mean President Roosevelt can say of the muck rake.

—

"Rips," of Denver, has found another funny fellow. The man hails from Missouri, where he murdered a woman and served three years in jail pending a sentence of life imprisonment. Now the man wants to know if the three years he has already served will apply on his sentence.

The Bachelor's Challenge.

I want a girl
That is truly a pearl;
A girl that can make a home glad,
A girl that is sunny,
A girl that is funny,
A girl that is jolly, not bad!

I want this miss
Just to love and to kiss,
To drive all dull sorrow away,
A girl that can cook,
Or like a good book;
A girl that is happy and gay!

I want a wife
That can brighten my life,
No "spender" to squander my money!
A girl that will share
A bit of my care
And sip with me likewise the honey!

I want no girl
With her head in a whirl—
No girl who is slave to Dame Fashion!
And if I can't find
A girl to my mind—
I'll smoke up, and smother my passion!

This cozy den
Is my own little pen,
It's snug and it's warm and it's jolly!
A bas! to the kiss—
My old backbone, I wis,
Wasn't made to warm tootsies for Polly!

A Sanguinary Affair.

Jim Eckroyd has had another fight. Him and Jeff Chitwood had some words over a calf trade. Jim told Jeff he was a fighting liar and dessen't take it up. Then they had it lickety split, nip and tuck, first one down and then the other, slam, bang, biff, and neither one would holler enough. At last Jim tried to gouge him, and Jeff drawed back and let him have it good and hard on the burr of the ear. Jim dropped like he was shot. Jeff jumped on him and choked him till his eyes bulged out. He didn't let up till he got his word. Then they shook hands over it and finished the calf trade. Both of them was pretty badly gaumed up.

Fellers that saw it said it was the best standup and knockdown fight they ever saw hereabouts, and there's been some golwhopping good fights here.—Kalamazoo (Mich.) Bazoo.

Byron Williams

THE NEW HAIR STYLES.

How to Make the New Vienna "Bun" with Its Chou — About Hair Dressing Generally.

The Vienna bun is a low coiffure with a big chou at each side of it, reports Mme. Julie D'Arcy. You take your hair and part it, or pompadour it, or twist it over the ears, just as is most becoming to you. Then you bring it up to the crown of the head and tie it, after which you twist it and turn it until you have a big low coil far down at the back of the neck. It is immensely becoming to nearly all faces. But the finishing touch is what is needed. And this is afforded by the big soft chiffon choux which are a part of the coiffure.

To make the choux for the Vienna bun you take enough tulle or chiffon to make two big rosettes which shall stand out full and free from the head. Then you take these rosettes and pin them to the hair, one back of each ear, pressing the choux into the hair. You can use white or shell pink or cloud blue, just according to your style. And

GRACEFUL LOW COIFFURE.

you may be sure it will be becoming to you.

In lecturing upon the coiffure I always take particular note as to the color of the hair. There are certain colors that look well in certain ways. Take red hair as an example. No one ever saw red hair that looked well drawn straight back. Red hair and all hair upon the reddish shade looks best waived and dressed very full around the face, the fuller the better. If I had red hair I would wave it well and fluff it around my face like an aureole. It is the prettiest way to dress hair of that color.

Now, when it comes to black hair, the situation is reversed. Choose something simpler and plainer. Don't wave it, but try to build a picture coiffure of it without making it kinky. I often take black hair and part it, rolling it back upon the side, in 1860 fashion. Do you recall the picture of 1860, those wartime styles, and do you remember how very becoming they were to the black-eyed beauties of those days? Well, I am dressing hair in wartime style and doing it with much success.

I treat blonde hair in a still different manner. When hair is very light it can be treated with seeming carelessness. It looks well flying. I took a very blonde head the other day and waved it from tip to root. Then I turned it back in something like pompadour fashion, pulling out the stray ringlets. I even added a ringlet or two around the ears to hide them in artistic fashion. The back I twisted high, setting a wide comb below the topknots. The effort was particularly girlish and good.

A RAILROAD COMPLEXION.

Practice of Riding Back and Forth with Face Unprotected Damaging to Good Looks.

"Mercy, no; I never bother with a veil," she said. As she said it, she rubbed her handkerchief briskly over her face with the tip of one finger. And the kerchief came off black! Now, she thought, when she thoroughly scrubbed that face she would get all the dust and grime out of the pores. But why get it in, in the first place?

There is no practice more damaging to good looks that the habit of riding back and forth on railway trains or through dusty city streets with the delicate skin of the face exposed to all the soot and grime in the air, says the Philadelphia Bulletin. Careful women never do it. They always wear, when traveling, a plain chiffon veil—not one of fancy or lace or mesh, mind you, but a close-woven veil for real protection. This is tied over the hat, drawn snugly under the chin and fastened firmly to the back of the hat.

It has a certain trim air, but the most important thing is the service it renders in saving the face from acquiring an unnecessary and appalling amount of dirt.

The complexion so protected will stay fresh and clean many more years. Particularly should the business woman who rides back and forth into the city daily adopt this precaution, lest she find herself the unhappy possessor of "the road complexion."

Automobile Novelty.

For the automobile woman, combination hood, scarf and veil. By pulling two buttons it makes it into a straight scarf; by pulling two strings it is transformed into a hood with a veil, which ties under the chin to fasten the veil.

The Eyebrows.

Olive oil may be used on the eyebrows, and it is said to encourage the growth. Oil should, however, never be applied to the eyelashes, as it is apt to irritate the eyes.

BECOMINGLY DRESSED.

No Matter How Old, a Woman Should Be Careful of Personal Cleanliness and Dress.

To be well and becomingly dressed does not necessarily mean a large outlay of either time or money; neither does it call for the latest "creation" of style or material. Often, the simplest and most inexpensive materials, made up with regard to the suitableness of style, color and fabric, adaptation to the figure and to the age, are the most becoming and effective. A simple five-cent calico or lawn can be made into a very dressy and becoming garment, while a bit of lace or linen about the neck, and a touch of color at the throat, combined with dainty personal cleanliness, will make the plainest of women attractive. Do not be in too big a hurry to "dress according to your age," for one will grow old fast enough, and it is just as well to hang on to a remnant of youth as long as one can, even if one has to resort to simple artificial means to accomplish it. Personal cleanliness is an adjunct to good looks above everything else, and a woman should give proper attention to this feature. It is all nonsense for a woman to claim that she is "too old," or too poor, or too overworked to care for her personal appearance. She should resolve not to grow old; not to be too poor to use soap and water and a wash rag, or an emollient for the cleansing of the face, neck and hands, or for the proper dressing of her hair. She should take, as her right, a few minutes every day in which to properly attend to her toilet, and learn to regard a pleasing personal appearance as much of a necessity as the getting up of the family meals. This duty she owes to herself.

It is not so much what "others say" about us that should influence us; we should approve of ourselves. Deny it as one may, a becomingly dressed woman irresistibly compels our attention and commands our respect, be she young or old, and neatness of person and apparel is a passport into refined society. We instinctively pay homage to a woman who respects herself. Moreover, "looks" have a moral and spiritual effect upon one and the woman who knows she is pleasant to look at feels pleasant, and is pleasant, because in attracting approving attention from others, she feels respect for herself which nothing but the assurance that she "looks well" can ever give her.—The Commoner.

A NEAT EMPIRE JACKET.

This Model Has the Fashionable Elbow Sleeves and Fashionable Silk Frills.

This is a new variety of the popular Empire jacket; it is suitable to be made in fine face cloth to wear with any dress, or may be made of the same material as the skirt to complete a costume.

The short bodice is slightly curved at the lower edge, and turns back with

A MODISH WRAP.

revers. The lower part of jacket is tucked where it joins the bodice; the fronts are fastened by large bone buttons. The elbow sleeves are finished with turn-up cuffs and a ruffle of pleated silk.

Materials required for the jacket: Two and three-quarters yards 48 inches wide.

Whom to Serve.

The question of who is served first is a somewhat disputed one. A hostess who is older than her guests should be served before them, but when she is younger it is more courteous to serve the guests first. The idea of serving a hostess first is that where elaborate dishes are passed it is better for her to take the initiative in helping herself, and also that she may observe that all about the dish is correct, but in general entertaining it is better to have the women guests served before the hostess.

Late Skirts.

Skirts that fit tightly about the hips are the only ones which promise to be very good all through the season, and the exceptions are fewer than ever, only an occasional veiling being made with a bit of fullness laid into loose plaits upon the hips—loose, but so cleverly cut and laid that they stay in place as though molded.